



THE HOUSE OF

MYSTERY



CELEBRATE A
CARNIVAL OF FEAR
WITH THE
BALLOON VENDOR!

30¢
NO. 242
JUNE
1983

DO YOU DARE ENTER... THE HOUSE OF

MYSTERY



ALL-NEW
CHILLS



• 11. October
2018

AND PRECOCIOUS - ~~AND PRECOCIOUS~~ - TO OL' CAIN'S HOUSE OF MYSTERY WHERE ANOTHER CARNIVAL OF HORROR IS ABOUT TO GET UNDER WAY! SEE THAT MAN SELLING - ~~AND~~ BALLOONS DOWN THERE! HE'S ANDY KORNBLIT!

THE CLOISONNÉ VENOR.

DON'T BE ANXIETY
POOR IT'S ONLY THE
RESCUE GAS BEING
USED TO INFLATE
TOMMY'S BALLOON!

YEAH!
HOOHOO
AN' LOOKIT
THAT
MONSTER
BALLOON!
IT'S
GROWIN'

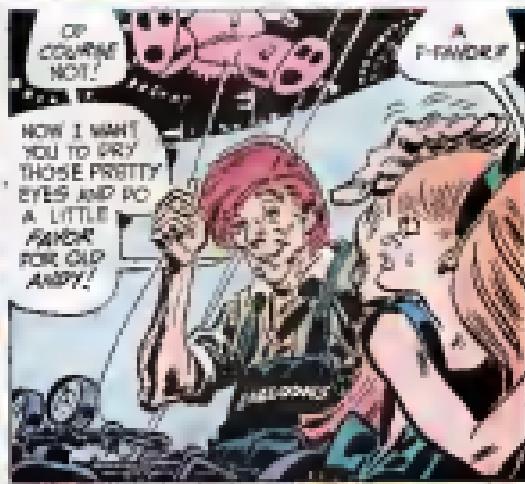
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MICHAEL
FLINDBERG,
SCOTT COTTERMAN
KANGSALL, CALIF.

407

**DR. J. B.
ORANGE**

This process got to go down, and it's
got to continue, and we
will always do the same thing that
shall be the rule, regardless of anything
else of the country, because
we're the ones that have
to do it, and I think we
have to do it, and I think we
have to do it.



ANDY VOGEL LOVED KIDS. AND THE KIDS, WHY YOU COULD TELL BY THE HAPPY LOOKS ON THEIR FACES THAT THEY LOVED OLD ANDY TOO. BUT THERE WAS ALSO A WOMAN IN ANDY'S LIFE. SHE WAS A SMART CHARMER NAMED GAY LYNN FOSTER, AND ANDY WOULD'VE GOTTEN JUST ABOUT ANYTHING TO MAKE HER SMILE AT HIM. THE WAY ALL THE LITTLE KIDS DID.

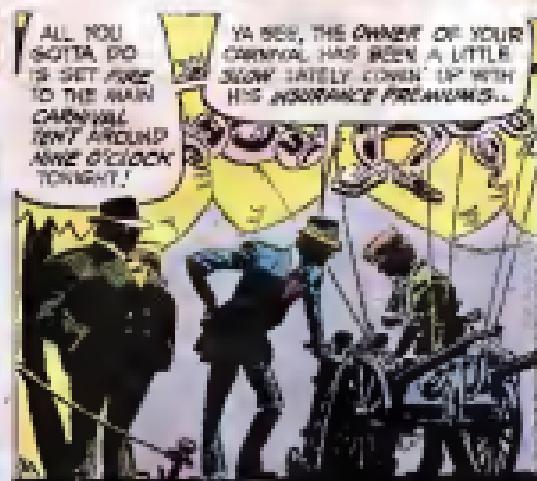


WELL, YOU DID
JUST FINE,
SUGAR-PIE!
I THINK I LOOK
FANTASTIC IN
EM!



WHAT WAS HOW IT ALWAYS WENT
BETWEEN SUE JOHN AND ANDY?
HE USED TO PLEASE HER -- HE TRIED?
HARD...
BUT SOMEHOW THINGS JUST SEEMED
DETERMINED TO WORK OUT.
AND THEN, THE NEXT AFTERNOON...







ANDY TRIED HIS BEST BUT SAW LARRY JUST WOULDN'T LISTEN. BY NOON O'CLOCK, THE CARNIVAL'S MAIN TENT WAS ROCKED TO OVERFLOWING WITH HUNGRY PARENTS AND AGITATED, CROWDING KIDS, WHILE OUTSIDE...

"H-H-E-N-E
G-O-O-S-E J-J-M,
S-U-S-E E-V-E-Y-
O-N-E W-I-L-L G-E-T
O-U-T I-N T-I-M-E!"

"H-O-P-E!"

THE FLAMES REVOLVED
THE FULL OF WOOD AND
STRAY AND LAPPED
HUNGRILY AT THE DRY
CORNERS OF THE TENT.
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE
ALARM WAS SCALPED.

HELP!
FIRE!

THE CARNIVAL FIRE-FIGHTERS
CATHERINE TRIED BRAVELY TO FIGHT
THE BLAZE, AND BEFORE LONG
FIVE CITY FIRE BRIGADES HAD COME
SCREAMING TO THE SCENE.

BUT BY THEN IT WAS TOO LATE. THE TENT WAS A HORROR
INCUBUS, AND ANDY'S PARANOID LITTLE FIRE MARSHAL
COMPLICITY OUT OF CONTROL...

"GET MORE
HOSEN ON IT!
WE NEED MORE
WATER!"

"HOW MANY
PEOPLE ARE
INJURED IN
THERE?"

"GO
ONLY
KNO-

AND BY THE TIME
THE LAST FLAME
HAD ROCKERED
AWAY, THE TENT
WAS A CHARNEL
BIN, AND ASHEN-
FACED MEN GRIMLY
TABULATED THE
DEAD...

"HOW
MANY
DEAD
CHIEFLY?"

"DUNNO... BET' STILL
HAVIN'T GOT AN ACCURSE
COUNT ON THE CORPSES."

"COULD GET AS HIGH
AS THIRTY DEAD.
MAYBE MORE!"

"LITTLE
KIDS
MOSTLY!"

"LITTLE
K-KIDS BY
G-OH,
MANO!"

"A-H-A!"

BY THE TIME ANDY RETURNED TO HIS TRAILER,
IT WAS TWO A.M., AND...

TA'DO A
FINE JOB
OUT THERE
TONIGHT,
ANDY!

B-BUT A-WHILE
THOSE...
PEOPLE...

JUST
FINE!

YEAH, WELL,
THAT'S THE WAY
THE OLD MASTERS
CARRIED ON,
ANDY BABY!

BUT THERE'S A
LITTLE *JOB'S* MONEY
TO HELP DRIVE THEM
SLEEVES AWAY!

HAN, COME OFF
IT, ANDY BOY!

HE'S RIGHT,
ANDY! TAKE
IT! YOU EARNED
IT!

THE DEAD PEOPLE
ANTHROPOIDS, COME
BACK TO LIFE JUST
YOUSE YOU MAKE A
SAF OUTA YOURSELF... AND TURN
DOWN THE DOWNSY!

A-ALL
RIGHT!

GET A LOADA
THAT RENTS!
OL' ANDY
SHURE DID
A JOB ON
IT. DERNIT
HE, VINCE?

THEY

YER THE MARCHING
W-3 DESERTED,
BUT IT WAS NOT
ENTIRELY
DESERTED
FOR AMID THE
BL-CRUMPED
ASHES OF THE
GREAT TENT,
SOMETHIN' WAS
STIRRIN',
AND THAT
SOMETHIN'
WAS...

HE SURE DID
AUGUST YOU CAN
BET THAT
CARNIVAL
GONE WONT-

LOOKIT THAT!
WH-WHAT THE
BLOODY BLUE
BLAZES IS
THAT?

G-GRENADY

HIT'S B-SOME
KINDA SPOKIN'
I-I'M GETTIN'
OUTA HERE!

WITH THE DESPERATION OF DOOMED ANK
THE HORDLING RACED ACROSS THE CARNIVAL
GROUNDS...

BUT WHERE HS THERE TO RUN AFTER
ALL WHEN **G-GRENADY** ITSELF IS AT YOUR
HEELS...?





WHERE
WANT,
ANDY
LOVER?

N-NOTHING!
NOTHING AT
ALL! I- IT'S
JUST C-CREEPY
HERE, THAT'S
ALL!

SILENTLY
GUY LEAN
LED AWAY
ACROSS
THE MOON.
IT CARNIVAL
GROUND, AND
FINALLY...

HEY!
WHAT'RE
WE DOING
HERE?

THIS IS
JUST A
STORAGE
TEST!

THIS IS
WHERE I
KEEP ALL
MY GHOST
EQUIP-

CRAZY
CRAZY
CRAZY
CRAZY
AND!

SOMETHING'S
BOthering
YOU, LOVER?

N-NO!
I- I DON'T
Y YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!

I- THEY
MISSED ME
DO IT! I-I
DIDN'T
MEAN TO
K-KILL YOU!

N-NO!
YOU!

DO YOU
ABOUT US? THE
REST OF
US?

BUT ROCK
ANDY DID
NOT EVEN
HEAR THE
GHOSTS,
HE WAS
MUCH TOO
BUSY.

AND THEN
SUDDENLY,
THE
SCREAMING
STOPPED...
AND
EVERYTHING
WAS SILENCE
AGAIN.

HEY, FANGO!
YOU BEEN
ANDY HOPING
AROUND
ANYWHERE?

NO,
BOSS!

AND THE NEXT
MORNING...



THE CITY HAS MANY FACES.
SEEN FROM
HERE, IT IS A
JEWELLED
SHIP FLOATING
IN A SEA OF
BLACK VELVET...



IT GIVES US THE COLLECTIVE
LAUGHTER OF MEN TO CREATE A
SILENCE BOMB...



IT GIVES US SAFETY AND PLEASANT
DREAMS...



IT ALSO GIVES 12 SLEEPERS
WHO MURK AND MUTTER AS
THEY DREAM THEIR TORTURED
MISERIES — MEN WHO DAILY
SELL THEIR SOULS FOR THE
SPIRITS THAT BRING THEM
PEACE — ON THE NIGHT ONE
OF THEM WILL TRY TO BUY
THAT PEACE WITH...

BLOOD MONEY

JOE! JOE!
WAKE UP!

WHAT'S THAT?
THE BOTTLES
EMPTY, ISN'T IT?
YOU...



THIS IS THE DARK
UNDERBELLY OF
THE CITY.

HERE BREW
TENEMENTS SQUIT
LIKE LIVID LEADS
AND EVERY ALLEY
IS THE DOORWAY
TO A PRIVATE HELL.

FUZZ,
GET DOWN.
YOU WERE
TRYIN' SPOT
US!



HEY HE
DROPPED
SOMETHING.
HE --

SHUT UP.
I TOLD YOU.
IF THOSE FUZZ
SEE US, WE'LL
BE IN THE
JAILHOUSE
TONIGHT.

HERE FEAR STALKS
THE NIGHT AND EVEN
WINE-BOOSED BRAINS
CAN THINK OF ONE
THING ONLY—SURVIVAL.

W-E-A-H / Y-E-A-H,
HE CAME OVER THE
FENCE / B-S BUT HE
KEPT GOIN' / C-OFFICERS,
WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANY
THING? / HONESTY?
WB--

THE FOOTSTEPS OF
THE POLICE REEDS.
AND IN THE EMPTY
CLOAKED SILENCE THAT
FOLLOWS, THE SHOTTED
BRAINS STRUGGLE TO
UNDERSTAND.

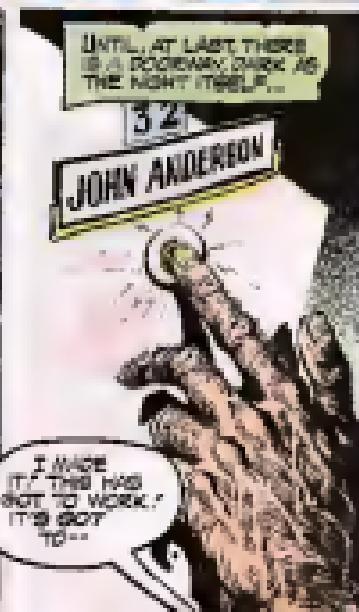
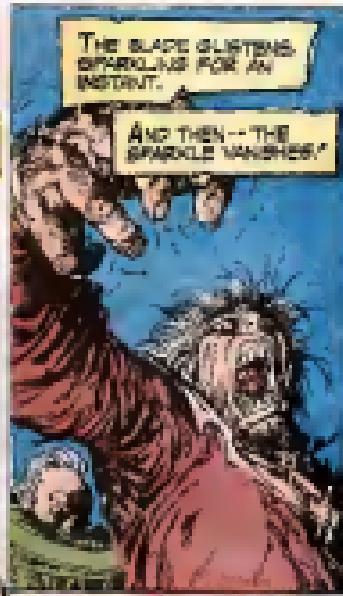
ALL RIGHT YOU
TWO, GET OUTTA HERE
JUST CAME THROUGH
THE ALLEY HE ROBBED
THE GENERAL HOSPITAL
A FEW MINUTES AGO.
DO EITHER OF YOU
SEE HIM?

COME
ON, THESE
GUYS ARE
NO HELP.

A HOSPITAL.
SOME GUYS ARE CRAZY
ENOUGH TO TRY ANY
THING. WHY--

JOE--
LOOK, HE
LENT HIS
ROCKET
BOHARDY





MY PACKAGE YOU BROUGHT IT BACK TO ME I'M SORRY - BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW BADLY I NEED IT--

A REWARD I SEE. I'D GLADLY PAY YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE BUT-- I'M SORRY I'M AFRAID I HAVE NO MONEY--

THE DESPERATION COMES THEN / DESPERATION THAT DRAWS AWAY EVEN PEARL DESPERATION / THAT MAKES CLIMBING CLAWS OF PITY FINGERS / THAT PLUNGE IRON INTO A SPINE LONG BENT BY HOMELESSNESS--

GRATEFUL ONLY--GRATEFUL? I THOUGHT... THERE'D BE A REWARD--

NO MONEY? NO MONEY? BUT YOU MUST HAVE YOU MUST!

YOU JUSTLY I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT REWARD / AND YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE IT TO ME. I KNOW WHAT'S IN THE CARTON / AND IF I DON'T GET MY REWARD I'LL GO TO THE POLICE / I SWEAR IT!

YOU KNOW-- WAITING IN THE CARTON?

YES, YOU STOLE IT AND WHEN I TELL THE COPS--

I SEE, BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO GO TO THE POLICE I AIN'T BEEN VERY GRATEFUL HAVE IT? I DON'T STOP TO THINK, BUT I WAS WRONG.

IT SEEMS THEN THAT THE WIND BLOWS LOUDER / ALMOST AS IF IT WERE SHREWDING A WARNING / BUT IT IS A WARNING THAT FALLS ON DEAF EARS.

THE TORN AND RAGGED SHEET WHO STRUGGLED THROUGH THAT DOOR DOES NOT LOOK BACK, AND THAT IS A FATAL ERROR...

COME IN, MY FRIEND, COME IN-- / AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO AFTER ALL A MAN AS HONEST AS YOU'VE SHOWN YOURSELF TO BE DESERVES A REWARD.

AND YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR REWARD.

EVERYTHING -- THAT'S COMING TO YOU, I PROMISE / AND I WILL TAKE CARE.

* THE AMERICAN RED CROSS BLOOD BANK *

JOE SAT. HE JUST REWARD IT AIN'T WHAT HE EXPECTED / BUT THEN HE DID GET MORE THAN HE EXPECTED. NOT ONE FIGHT BUT TWO! HEH HEH!

EEEEE

CAIN'S MAIL ROOM

J 4229

Here we are again, in the ol' dungeon of the HOUSE OF MYSTERY, shoveling readers' letters into the furnace to heat up the place. It's Cain the able caulkster on this end, as assisted by Gregory the gargoyle (it's hard for Gregory to use a shovel, so he just sets the mail on fire with his breath) ... and if the March winds haven't scared you all away, there should be a crowd of loyal fans out there listening to me. There is? Good . . . then I'll reward you by actually reading some of this tribe.

* * * * *

Dear Cain,

"Day Of The Witch" had a nice theme, and a fairly unusual ending. Somehow Jack Cleck managed to pull off a story with beautiful dialogue and atmosphere. My favorite part of the story was Andetha's transformation into the old lady. Ocampo did a very appropriate, but not all that great.

"Dog Food" took an old picture and applied it to the dog food industry. Though the story was quite well-written, as one expects from Michael Fleisher, it wasn't original. Ramona Fradon's art seemed sleepy but was still good.

However, with almost all the other mysteries mega-dated, it seems to me that you could do better than this. A few months ago HOUSE OF MYSTERY was fantastic, and now it's just very good. Since you're the only one left, Cain, it's all up to you!

Mark Schmideder, Concord, Massachusetts

Well, I always try to make HOUSE OF MYSTERY the best magazine of the kind, and I think I almost always succeed. After all, I do have the best writers and artists for my special type of story, and I'll just have to whip them harder to get them to do THEIR best!

* * * * *

Dear Cain,

I'm truly sorry for any derogatory remarks I've made in the past. Issue number 238 was fantastically good.

"Day Of The Witch" although limited to only seven pages, was the better of the two parts. It was a combination of Abe Ocampo's above-average art and Jack Cleck's very exciting script that made the tale. Abe was near to Nestor Redondo's quality this time. All the pages were excellent, but the splash page was the best.

Jack Cleck is the master of mystery, and this story stands as tribute to that statement. He built a solid, suspenseful tale in five and a half pages, winding it up quickly, but seafully. And best of all, he didn't stop but by not making the baby the devil.

The other story "Dog Food" wasn't quite as good, but was a better-than-average Mike Fleisher story. It was sorry in spots, but because of the length it bogged down a bit. I was glad to see "Mustang" Harry go, and hopefully, too. Ramona Fradon was in top form which means no complaints.

All this and a new gargoyle page by Sergio Aragonés! Beautiful Cain, tell Gregory that he was never in better form!

Mike White, Mackinaw, Illinois

I hope that last line doesn't mean that you're giving Gregory the credit for the whole issue. If you did something that silly you might be safe from my gargoyle's wrath, but I'd cook up an even better way to get you! After all, who do you think supplies those *tidy* gargoyle endings for all the stories?

* * * * *

Dear Cain,

HOUSE OF MYSTERY is really fun once more. Your last few issues have shown a spark that's been lacking for years . . . almost since you were last at a 25¢ price, in fact. And that's a long time gone.

One of the neatest things about the new HOM is the regularity with which your top three writers have been seeing print. Hardly an issue has passed this year without a story by either Michael Fleisher, David Micheline or Jack Cleck . . . and frequently two of them are represented in a single issue. This is a great change from those issues which featured a cadre of forgettable writers doing soon-forgotten stories. Keep it up!

Chuck McKennaik, Minneapolis, Minnesota

My stock of Micheline masterpieces is dwindling down to a dozen or so, but there's an uncountable stock of Cleck and Fleisher tales in the drawer, so you're safe for some time to come.

* * * * *

Out of soon, team . . . the rest of the letters go into the fire. If you want your name to pop up into print, you'll have to send in a new letter, talking about this issue . . . to me, Cain at CAIN'S MAIL ROOM, National Periodical Publications, 26 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019.